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July 1921.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



*When the Norse heroes felt the approach of old age, they partook of the apples
of the goddess Iduna, and so renewed their youth.*

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

The Birthday Present.

ROSAMOND'S cousin Bell was going to have a birthday. It was to be kept up in fine style. In the first place, there was to be a great dinner to which all her friends were invited; then she was to have her presents—she always had a great many nice new playthings given to her on her birthday—and after the dinner everybody would wish her many happy returns, and she would be so happy.

Now Rosamond wondered why she and her sister Laura never had their birthdays kept up in this way. She did not mind so much about the dinner—except the mince-pies—but she would so like to have a great many nice new playthings.

Rosamond could not help feeling a little hurt; and when she asked her mamma why her own birthday was never kept up, her mamma had only asked her to give some reason why it should be.

Rosamond thought, but she could not find any reason. Besides, she had no time to think just then, for she suddenly remembered that she had a work-basket to finish which she was making to give her cousin Bell on her birthday.

This could not be done for want of some more filigree paper, and as her mother and her sister Laura were going out, she asked if she might go with them to buy some.

"Laura," said Rosamond, as they were walking along, "what have you done with your half-guinea?"

"I have it in my pocket."

"Dear! you will keep it for ever in your pocket. You know my god-mother, when she gave it to you, said you would keep it longer than I should keep mine; and I know what she thought by her look at the time. Then I heard her say something to my mother."

"Yes," said Laura, smiling; "she whispered so loud that I could not help hearing her too. She said I was a little miser."

"But did you not hear her say that I was very generous? And she'll see that she was not mistaken. I hope she'll be there when I give my basket to Bell; won't it be beautiful? There is to be a wreath of myrtle, you know, round the handle, and a frosted ground, and then the medallions——"

Rosamond, thinking of the glories of her work-basket, talked and walked so fast that she passed, without noticing it, the shop where the filigree paper was to be bought. They turned back. A coach full of ladies stopped at the door just before they went in, so that no one had time to think of Rosamond and her filigree paper just then. While she was waiting she went to the window, where she saw her sister Laura looking earnestly at something that was passing in the lane.

Now it happened that the shop was the corner house of a street, and this window looked out on a narrow lane. At the door of a poor-looking house opposite sat a little girl weaving lace.

"Does she not work hard?" said Laura, for the little girl's bobbins moved as quick as lightning, and she never once looked up from her work.

"And she is honest, too," added Laura a minute afterwards, for just then a baker with a basket of rolls on his head passed, and one of the rolls happened to fall close to the little girl. She took it up eagerly, looked at it as if she was very hungry, then put aside her work and ran after the baker to give it back to him.

Whilst she was gone, a footman in a livery laced with silver, who belonged to the coach that stood at the shop door, chanced to spy the weaving-pillow which she had left upon the doorstep. He took up the pillow, and, to amuse himself, mixed up all the bobbins. The little girl came back out of breath to her work, but what were her surprise and sorrow to find it spoiled. She twisted and untwisted, placed and replaced the bobbins, while the footman stood laughing at her distress. She got up gently and was going into the house, when the silver-laced footman stopped her, saying rudely, "Sit still, child."

"I must go to my mother, sir," said the child; "besides, you have spoiled all my lace. I can't stay."

"Can't you?" said the brutal footman, snatching her weaving-pillow again. "I'll teach you to complain of me." And he broke off, one after another, all the bobbins, put them into his pocket, rolled her weaving-pillow down the dirty lane, then jumped up behind his mistress's coach, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Poor girl!" cried Rosamond, angry at this act of cruelty; "poor little girl!"

At this instant her mother called to

her to buy her filigree paper, so, forgetting her pity for the little unhappy girl, and thinking only of how generous her godmother and cousin Bell would think her, she went to spend her half-guinea upon the filigree basket.

Meanwhile Laura, who had been called "little miser," opened the window and beckoned to the poor little girl.

"Is your pillow quite spoiled?" she asked.

"Quite, quite spoiled!" cried the child; "and I can't buy another, nor can mother, and I can't do anything else to earn my bread."

"How much would another cost?" said Laura; "more than that?" And she held up her half-guinea.

"Oh no!" said the little girl.

"Then you can buy another with that;" and Laura dropped the half-guinea into her hand. She shut the window before the child could find words to thank her, but not before she saw her happy, grateful look, which pleased Laura far more than any praise for her kindness would have done.

Late on the morning of her cousin's birthday Rosamond finished her work-basket. The carriage was at the door. Laura came running to call her, and at the same time she heard her father's voice; so that she was forced to go down with her basket half wrapped in silver paper. She was rather vexed about this, for the pleasure of surprising Bell would be quite lost if one bit of the filigree should peep out before the proper time.

Now you must know that, ever

since she was a baby, Bell had been petted and pampered, until, at eight years old, she was a very spoiled child. She was idle, fretful, and selfish; so that nothing could make her happy. Everybody in the house tried to please her; but, in spite of their efforts, between breakfast and dinner she had already had six fits of crying. No one could find out the cause of five of these fits, but the last and worst was about a worked muslin frock. Her maid Nancy brought it to her at dressing-time.

"See here, miss," she said, "what your mamma has sent you on your birthday. Here's a frock fit for a queen—if it had but lace around the cuffs."

"And why has not it lace around the cuffs?" asked Bell. "Mamma said it should."

"Yes, but the lace hasn't come yet."

"Not come yet, indeed! And didn't they know it was my birthday? But then I say I won't wear it without the lace. I can't wear it without the lace, and I won't!"

At last, however, as the lace could not be had, Bell allowed her maid to dress her in the frock.

"Come, Miss Bell, dry your eyes," said the maid, "and I'll tell you something that will please you."

"What, then?" said the child, pouting and sobbing.

"Why—but you must not tell that I told you!"

"No; but if I am asked?"

"Why, if you are asked, you must tell the truth, to be sure; so I'll hold my tongue, miss."

"Nay, tell me though, and I'll never tell even if I am asked."

"Well, then," said the maid, "your cousin Rosamond is come, and has brought you the most beautifullest thing you ever saw in your life; but you are not to know anything about it until after dinner, because she wants to surprise you, and mistress has put it into her wardrobe till after dinner."

"But I can't wait until after dinner," cried Bell; "I must see it this minute!"

At first Nancy would not let her see it; but Bell burst into another fit of crying, and as the maid was afraid of being blamed by her mistress if Bell's eyes were red at dinner-time, she at last showed her the basket.

"How pretty!" said Bell. "But let me have it in my own hands."

The maid held the basket out of reach. "You must not touch it," she said, "for if you spoilt it what would become of me?"

"Become of you, indeed; I don't care what becomes of you!" cried the spoiled child. "I shan't spoil it, and I will have it in my own hands. If you don't hold it down for me at once, I'll tell that you showed it to me."

"Then you won't snatch it?"

"No, no, I won't, indeed!" said Bell.

But Bell had never learnt to be truthful, and as soon as the basket was within reach she snatched at it. There followed a struggle, in which the handle and lid were torn off and one of the medallions crushed inwards before the little fury came to her senses.

Calmed at this sight, Bell wondered

next how she could hide the mischief she had done. After trying many times, the handle and lid were fixed on again, and the basket was put back just as it was before. The maid told Bell to look as if nothing were the matter.

After shutting up the basket they left the room, and in the passage outside they found a poor girl waiting with a small parcel in her hand.

"What do you want?" said the maid.

"I have brought the lace, madam, that was ordered for the young lady."

"Oh, you have brought it at last, have you?" said Bell; "and pray why didn't you bring it sooner?"

The little girl was going to reply, but the maid interrupted her, saying, "Come, come, none of your excuses. But, now you have brought it, let us look at it!"

The little girl gave the lace without reply, and the maid told her to go home and not to expect to be paid, because the mistress was in a room full of company and could not see anybody.

"May I call again, madam, this afternoon?" said the child timidly.

"Bless my stars!" replied the maid, "what makes people so poor, I wonder! I wish mistress would buy her lace at the shop, as I told her, and not of these folks. Call again? yes, to be sure."

After the birthday feast was over, Bell's mother begged that Rosamond would be so good as to show them her charming present.

Rosamond, followed by all the com-

pany, amongst whom, to her great joy, was her godmother, led the way to the dressing-room.

"Now, I am sure," thought she, "Bell will be surprised, and my godmother will see she was right about my generosity."

The doors of the wardrobe were then opened, and the filigree basket appeared in its glory.

"Well, this is a charming present, indeed!" said the godmother. "My Rosamond knows how to make presents."

As she spoke she took hold of the basket to lift it down and show it to the company. Scarcely had she touched it, when, lo! the basket fell to the ground and only the handle was left in her hand. All eyes were fixed upon the wreck.

"Who can have done this?" was all that Rosamond could say.

Bell stood in sullen silence, and, while every one questioned and wondered, still refused to speak. At last the servants were called in, and amongst them was Nancy, Bell's maid. When she saw what had happened to the basket she pretended to be surprised, and declared that she knew nothing of the matter, except that she had seen her mistress put it safely into the wardrobe that morning.

"And Miss Bell hasn't touched it either, ma'am," she said. "I can answer for her; she didn't even know of its being there. I never mentioned it because I knew Miss Rosamond wanted to surprise her, so I never said a word about it.—Did I, Miss Bell?"

Bell, who had been taught to be

deceitful by her maid, boldly answered "No!" But she was holding Rosamond's hand, and, as she spoke, squeezed it terribly.

"Why do you squeeze my hand so?" said Rosamond in a low voice; "what are you afraid of?"

"Afraid of?" cried Bell, turning angrily; "I'm not afraid of anything—I've nothing to be afraid about."

"Nay, I did not say you had," whispered Rosamond; "but only if you did by accident—you know what I mean—I should not be angry if you did; only say so."

"I say I did not!" cried Bell in a fury. "Mamma, mamma! Nancy! My cousin Rosamond won't believe me! That's very hard. It's very rude, and I won't bear it—I won't."

"Don't be angry, love," said the maid.

"Nobody thinks that you did it, darling," said her mother. "But, you know," she went on, turning to the maid, "somebody must have done this, and I must know how it was done. Miss Rosamond's charming present must not be spoiled in this way, in my house, without my taking proper notice of it. I assure you I am very angry about it, Rosamond."

"Ma'am," cried the maid suddenly, "I think I can say who did it."

"Who?" said every one eagerly.

"Who?" said Bell, trembling.

"Why, miss, don't you remember that little girl with the lace, that we saw peeping about in the passage? She was here by herself half an hour or more; and not another creature, I know, has been in mistress's dressing-room since morning. Those sort of

people are so curious; I'm sure she must have been meddling with it."

"Yes, that must be it," said the mistress.—"Well, Rosamond, for your comfort she shall never come into my house again."

"Oh, that would not comfort me at all," said Rosamond; "besides, we are not sure that she did it, and if——"

A single knock at the door was heard at this instant. It was the little girl, who came to be paid for her lace.

"Call her in," said the lady of the house; "let us see her directly."

The maid did not open the door at once, because she was afraid that they would find out, when they saw her, that the little girl was not to blame. But her mistress ordered her again, and she was forced to obey.

The little girl came in with a simple, artless look; but when she saw a room full of company, she seemed a little shy. Rosamond and Laura looked at her and at one another with surprise, for it was the same little girl whom they had seen weaving lace.

"Is not it she?" whispered Rosamond to her sister.

"Yes, it is; but hush," said Laura, "she does not know us. Don't say a word; let us hear what she will say."

"Well!" said Bell's mother; "how long are you going to stand there with that innocent look? Did you ever see this basket before?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl.

"Yes, ma'am!" mocked the maid. "And what else do you know about it? You had better confess it at once, and perhaps the mistress will say no more about it."

"Confess what, madam?" said the little girl; "I never touched the basket, madam."

"You never touched it, but you confess that you did see it before," said Bell's mother. "And, pray, how came you to see it? You must have opened my wardrobe."

"No, indeed, ma'am," said the little girl; "but I was waiting in the passage, ma'am, and this door was partly open, and," looking at the maid, "you know, I could not help seeing it."

"Why, how could you see through the doors of my wardrobe?" replied the lady.

The maid, frightened, pulled the little girl by the sleeve.

"I saw it, madam, in her hands," said the little girl, looking at the maid, "and——"

"Well, what became of it afterwards?"

"Ma'am," she faltered, "miss pulled, and by accident—I believe I saw, ma'am—miss, you know what I saw."

"I do not know—I do not know; and if I did, you had no business there, and mamma won't believe you, I am sure."

Everybody else, however, did believe, and their eyes were fixed upon Bell in a manner which made her feel rather ashamed.

"What do you all look at me so for? And am I to be put to shame on my birthday?" cried she, bursting into a roar of passion; "and all for this nasty thing!" added she, pushing away the remains of the basket, and looking angrily at Rosamond.

"Bell! Bell! oh, fie! fie! Now I

am ashamed of you; that's quite rude to your cousin," said her mother, who was more shocked that she should be rude to Rosamond than that she should say what was not true.—"Take her away, Nancy, till she has done crying," added she to the maid.

All the company now turned to Rosamond to say how sorry they were for her, while her godmother praised her, saying, "Well, my dear Rosamond, I admire your generous spirit. You know I prophesied that your half-guinea would be gone the soonest.—Did I not, Laura? You are too prudent to throw away your money like your sister. Your half-guinea, I'll answer for it, is snug in your pocket—is it not?"

"No, madam," said Laura in a low voice.

But, low as her voice was, the poor little lace-girl heard it, and now, seeing Laura for the first time, remembered the child who had given her the half-guinea.

"Oh!" she exclaimed joyfully. "That's the young lady—the good, good young lady who gave me the half-guinea, and would not stay to be thanked for it; but I will thank her now."

"The half-guinea, Laura?" said her godmother. "What is all this?"

"I'll tell you, ma'am, if you please," said the little girl.

Then she told the story of the weaving-pillow, and how Laura had given her half-guinea to buy a new one.

As they listened no one could help thinking well of Laura, who could give

all she had freely and not expect to be praised or thanked.

"Ah, madam!" said Rosamond to her godmother, "now you see—you see she is not a little miser. I'm sure that's better than wasting half a guinea upon a filigree basket; is it not, ma'am?" said she, with an eagerness which showed she had forgotten her own misfortune in thinking of her sister. "This is being really generous, father, is it not?"

"Yes, Rosamond," said her father, and he kissed her; "this is being really generous. It is not only by giving away money that we can show generosity; it is by giving up to others anything that we like ourselves; and therefore," added he, smiling, "it is really generous of you to give your sister the thing you like best of all others."

"The thing I like best of all others, father?" said Rosamond, half pleased, half vexed. "What is that, I wonder? You don't mean praise, do you, sir?"

"Nay, you must decide that for yourself, Rosamond."

And Rosamond decided that though she had once loved to be praised above all things, she felt now that the joy of doing real kindness was better than all the praise in the world.

Golden Text for the Month.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—ST. LUKE VI. 31.

The Life of Jesus.

CHAPTER VII.

PARABLES, OR STORIES.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THOSE clever lawyers and priests who so carefully kept the law needed their lesson too, and it was to one of these that He told the story of the Good Samaritan, that they might learn the lesson of love to their neighbour.

There was a man one day, the story began, who set out to travel along the road which led from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was a wild road, where robbers often lurked, ready to swoop down on any unsuspecting traveller if he happened to be alone and unarmed.

This man was going along the road, never dreaming of danger, when suddenly the robbers sprang out from behind the rocks and fell upon him. They took away from him everything he possessed, even his clothes, and hurt him so sorely that, when they went off and left him by the roadside, he was half dead.

Presently there came along the road one of the priests from the beautiful temple, and he saw the poor wounded traveller lying there. But it was none of his business, he thought; he did not know the man or care about him. So he carefully drew aside, and passed by on the opposite side of the road. Then another man came along, one who also called himself



a servant of God. He went close to the poor traveller and looked at him thoughtfully, but did not touch him or put out a hand to help him. It was not his duty to attend to wounded travellers, and no one could expect him to do more than his duty, and so he passed on.

The poor man would certainly have been left there to die if another traveller had not found him later on. This traveller was not a Jew, but a Samaritan and quite a stranger. He was not specially learned or anxious to do his duty. He never thought of duty as he looked at the poor stripped and wounded figure so sorely in need of help. Very gently he raised the traveller's head and bound up his gaping wounds; and then, lifting him upon the ass, he led him carefully along that dangerous road until an inn was reached. There the poor man was carefully tended; and as all his money had been stolen, the good, kind stranger paid the inn-keeper himself before he left.

"Now," said Jesus to the learned man who had listened to the story, "which of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour 'unto him that fell among the thieves?"

"He that showed mercy on him," came the answer at once. The lawyer was quick to see the lesson Jesus would teach, but that was no use unless he learnt to practise the mercy He spoke of.

And so, "Go and do thou likewise," was the warning that fell from the Master's lips, as the story ended.

(To be continued.)

Fee-fie-foe-fum.

HE was really a gamekeeper, but the children called him Fee-fie-foe-fum because, with his big red face and the gap where one of his front teeth ought to have been, he was exactly like the giant in Pam's Hop o' My Thumb book.

They were sure, too, that he was bloodthirsty like the giant, because above the hedge of his garden, between two trees, there was a long piece of wire hung with tails which had once belonged to cats and stoats.

Mother said a gamekeeper was paid to look after his master's game, and that cats and stoats and weasels were fearful poachers and had to be caught. But Tottie and Pam thought it was horrid, and always tiptoed past the cottage or ran if Fee-fie-foe-fum happened to be about.

The children had not lived in Rabey village very long, and there were no children of their own age there; so they had plenty of time to make up stories, and these always had Fee-fie-foe-fum for the wicked giant.

Then Tottie and Pam had a birthday. Tottie was eight, and Pam seven; but their birthdays came in the same week in June, so they always kept them together.

There was great excitement when Aunt Julia wrote to say that she was sending her toy Pom for their very own, as she was going away to America. He was the dearest little black thing, with bright eyes and a beautiful coat and such pert little ways, and the children had loved and wanted him the

last time he had come on a visit with his mistress.

They were so busy brushing and combing him, and teaching him tricks, that they almost forgot Fee-fie-foe-fum, until one afternoon they went that way for a walk with Nurse and Baby.

"Better pick Darkie up," Pam said, as they got near the cottage. "Fee-fie-foe-fum might kill and eat him."

"Yes," said Tottie; "we'll always carry him down this road."

Now, though Darkie was such a pet, he had a naughty habit of slipping under the garden gate into the road, and he was so small that he might easily have got hurt; so one afternoon, when Tottie and Pam were going to be busy gardening, they shut him into the playroom. When they ran upstairs to wash their hands for tea, the playroom door was open and no Darkie was to be seen.

"The door was shut when we came in," said Nurse. "Why, Baby has just learnt to open doors."

"Iss," said Baby delightedly. "Baby open door; Darkie yun away."

"She didn't know it was wrong," said Nurse. "Run out and look. Darkie may not have gone far."

Before they reached the gate they saw him. He was lying just inside, very still, and as they bent over him he looked at them so pitifully.

"He's hurt," said Pam.

"Yes," said a boy leaning over the gate; "there was two big dogs fighting, an' he rushed out an' barked, an' they rolled right on top of 'im. He just managed to crawl back again, but he looks bad."



"We'll carry him in," said Tottie sensibly.

Darkie cried out sharply when she lifted him; and Pam, sobbing with grief, ran to tell Nurse; while Tottie followed slowly, holding him as comfortably as she knew how.

"If only Mother was here," said Pam; but Mother was away, and would not be home until the seven-o'clock train.

Cook, whose home was in the town, said there was a vet. there, but she had heard that he wasn't much good with dogs; he knew more about horses. People said the gamekeeper away down the road was wonderful with dogs.

"Fee-fie-foe-fum!" cried Tottie and Pam. "No, no; he'd kill him. O Nannie, do get the doctor."

So Nurse looked up the telephone number and rang him up. He was at home for a few minutes, but was starting directly for a farm beyond Rabey, and would have to pass through the village. Yes; he would look in at the dog, but he was fearfully busy.

Nurse thought it best to keep Darkie quiet, so she carried his basket into the drawing-room and kept the children away. When the vet. came she left them in the nursery with Baby. She came back in a few minutes, and told them that the vet. said Darkie was so badly hurt that he was afraid nothing could be done for him. He would call at the gamekeeper's as he passed, and ask him to come and fetch Darkie and put him to sleep for good, so that he would not have any more pain.

"I'm telling you this because you are sensible little girls," said Nurse,

"and you wouldn't like dear little Darkie to suffer more than we can help."

"No, no!" cried the children; "but oh, Nannie, couldn't *you* put him to sleep? He'll be so frightened of Fee-fie-foe-fum."

Then Nurse explained that Darkie was in such awful pain that he had tried to bite the vet., and he would bite any one who touched him, and they must not go near him again.

They heard the gamekeeper come and go away again, and then Nurse put them to bed, and they were still crying when Mother came home. She cried a little bit too, because Darkie *was* such a pet; but after the children had gone to sleep, she put on her hat and went out again.

* * * * *

The children felt horrid without Darkie to play with. Even their gardens did not seem interesting, and there was one thing which worried them fearfully. They did not mention it even to Mother; but they dreaded Nurse taking them past the gamekeeper's cottage for their walk, because they were terrified that they would see a dear little black curly tail added to those of the cats and stoats and weasels.

But Nurse never suggested that walk, and about a week later Mother said she would take them one afternoon and Nurse could take Baby. They set out joyfully, but they were not so happy when she turned down the road to the gamekeeper's.

"Come along, children," she said; and when she stopped at the very

gate of Fee-fie-foe-fum's cottage they were so amazed that they forgot to look at the tails.

"I'm just going in for a minute," she said. "Come along; he won't eat you."

She went past the front door and round to the back, as if she knew the

him for a minute; and then they all went out again, and Tottie and Pam almost *cried* with happiness. They were too excited to be afraid of the gamekeeper.

"We thought he was too hurt to get well again," said Tottie, "and Nurse said he was hurting so that he would bite."



way; and when she knocked, Fee-fie-foe-fum opened the door and smiled at her.

"He's getting on fine," he said; and there, in a corner of the kitchen, was *Darkie's basket*; in it was *Darkie himself*, very thin but alive, and when the children ran to him he wagged his tail feebly and licked their hands.

But Mother only let them stroke

"And we thought you were blood-thirsty because of the cats' tails," said Pam; "and we called you Fee-fie-foe-fum because you're like the giant in my book."

The gamekeeper laughed till his face was redder than ever, and the gap in his teeth showed ever so.

"Well," he said, "when I put that

pretty little dog into the sack to carry him away, I just couldn't bear to think of him dying; but he was mighty bad, and your Ma didn't say anything till we were quite sure he was going to get better. He's got the turn now, and you can fetch him home next week. Not but what I'd like to keep him altogether, though I never thought toy dogs was in my line. He's took his medicine without a whine. Ay, he's a game little chap; and as for biting—why, dogs never bite me."

"Oh," said Tottie earnestly, "you are a kind man."

"And we'll bring him to see you lots of times," said Pam.

And they did, for Darkie always led the way to Fee-fie-foe-fum's cottage as soon as Tottie and Pam let him out of the garden.

Motto for July.

*Do thy duty—that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest.*

LONGFELLOW.

Sent in by BETH DAVEY,
The Manse, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

The Comely Young Camel.

A COMELY young camel of Turkey
Once found a fine fez. With a
smirk he

Said: "Maybe my hat
Is old style and all that,
But none can deny that it's perky."

No race is won, no race is lost,
Before the finish line is crossed.



Willow Whistles.

THE brook is flowing free again,
The jay is saucy to the crow,
The robin's in the tree again;
It's time for willow whistles, oh!

With your sharpest knife blade trim
From the willow tree one limb.
Dip it in the brook, and then
Cut it slantwise once again;

Let the knife bite deep the wood,
Till the notch is true and good;
Pound the bark and slip it clean
From the wood, a tube of green;

Set it safe aside, and then
Cut the snowy wood again,
Till you've made a little room
For the notes that are to come.

Then, when all is ready, slip
Back the hollow bark, and, zip!
There's your whistle, neat and trim,
Full of music to the brim.

The frogs are growing shrill again,
The horns of spring begin to blow,
The blackbird's on the hill again;
It's time for willow whistles, oh!

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

BY ETHEL TALBOT.

CHAPTER VII.

"*WHY!*" said Marjorie.

For the strange object was nothing less than a huge bowl—a shabby enough bowl of tarnished metal, but of antique and beautiful design. She picked it up with both hands as well as she could, and stared at it. "*Why!*" she said again.

But it was not so much its age and beauty that compelled her attention. It was something else. Here was the very, *very* thing, she told herself, in which to roast a crab. "Jim! O Jim!" she called.

"Righto!" came in an absorbed shout from the direction of the little house of peats. "What's up? Bring it along."

"It's *this*. I've found it—the very thing!" Marjorie let fall her find of driftwood, and staggered forward, holding the heavy bowl in both hands.

"Why, isn't it *lovely*?"

Jim left his work to come and meet her, and, at the sight of the object she carried, quickened his steps and hurried fast. "Whew-w! Here's a ripper, and no mistake!" he ejaculated.

"And just when we wanted one—for the crab," chimed in Marjorie breathlessly. "Jim, isn't it jolly?"

Her companion had relieved her of her load, and was now looking intently

at the bowl; but he burst into a roar of laughter at her words. "To roast a crab, my dear kid. This is silver, I shouldn't wonder—something thrown up, perhaps, from a wreck." He tried to rub a corner with his sleeve. "Here, look, mate; it's getting brighter already. Silver it is, I'm sure. Well, it *is* a find, I believe. Why—" He suddenly stood still and stared.

"What?" asked Marjorie, studying the object more closely. "Even if it *is* silver, it's stained, and it's so awfully bent and battered."

"It's been knocked about by the waves, don't you see?" Jim tried to explain, "and been beaten about perhaps for years, even. Marjorie, it's pretty plain, I think, where this hails from."

"Where?" inquired the little girl.

"From that Spanish ship I told you about. I shouldn't wonder. The Armada one. It lies somewhere about, and sometimes things are washed up at Crioeh, you know. Only sometimes, though. Uncle said that sometimes years go by without anything being found. They don't know exactly where it lies, you see."

"The ship?" Jim nodded. "Oh, do let's look for more," she begged.

"Not till the house is finished," said the captain firmly. "We'll jolly well get through with that first. Besides, if there *is* anything else—which isn't likely, mate—there'll be more chance for it a little later on. The tide's still high."

The roofing of the house provided occupation for the next hour. By the time the tide was beginning to go out,

Marjorie—having, at Jim's advice, buried her first treasure in the sand, near to their camp fire—fell in by her companion's side with the greatest excitement and alacrity as the two made their way along the shore again. "I suppose you can get this way to the cave?" she inquired.

"Yes, rather, straight as a die, at low tide. You can see the very opening from here, and even from our camp fire. On the first night—" Jim broke off as he remembered. "But it's safest to go inland, I should say, if the tide's coming in. There's a current there. I felt it the first day when I was swimming, and it's pretty strong. Why, see—" Jim stooped down and picked up a tiny blackened coin. "*That's* Spanish anyway," he said, rubbing it on his sleeve. "There's a chap at school who knows all about coins. Another find, mate, though not so big a haul as yours."

A few more minutes of eager searching brought no further reward. Twilight began to fall, for the building up of the house had been a long business, and Jim suggested a retreat. "We'll be able to search better to-morrow, perhaps," he remarked; "but— Why, by Juggins! whatever's this?"

For, high and dry, but still wet from the salt water, lay a small but strong and old chest of peculiar workmanship, with solid hasps of iron. "I say," remarked the boy. He stooped and tried to lift it, but to move the case at all was quite an impossibility. "I say," he repeated.

"Whatever do you think's inside,

Jim?" whispered Marjorie, coming up to peer at it with excitement.

"It looks unusually as though it might hold something valuable," said her companion, after a long pause in which he had studied his find. "Spanish treasure, perhaps. Who knows? Look here, mate; we must turn in. But the tide's going out, and this chest, or whatever it is, has been washed up quite lately, and will be here to-morrow. Then, we might, I say, talk of Treasure Island; I believe we've struck the most peculiar spot, you and I."

But, after a supper of potatoes that they had left cooking in the ashes of their camp fire, not even the prospect of to-morrow could keep the pair awake. Marjorie, safe and snug in her little house of peats, with the sound of the sea in her ears, fell at once into a dreamless slumber, and Jim—to whom were still owing several hours of sleep from yesternight—slept as quietly and deeply all night as did his companion. It was not until the sun shone straight into his eyes and wakened him that he moved at all, and of whatever doings might have been afoot on the island during the night that had passed he certainly was unaware.

But everything looked exactly the same, he thought, and Marjorie still slept. A glance at the fire showed him that, thanks to its backing up with peats, it still smouldered. Jim, after a bathe, returned to prepare breakfast for his companion.

And to-day he had something of a project on hand with regard to the meal. Marjorie had been longing for

bread, and at first he had thought that they must do without it ; now he had an idea for making some kind of small surprise for her breakfast. He set to work with some excitement, and with a broad grin on his face.

His preparations were almost complete when Marjorie awoke. " Jim, we've not been rescued, have we ? " she remarked. " I'm smelling *bread*."

" Smell away, then," said Jim with pride. " All my own work, mate. Come along and taste."

And truly a wonderful sight was before her eyes. Over the fire Jim had set a long thin flat-stone, brought up from the shore. Baking on this would-be griddle were little cakes—certainly rather unlike in appearance to the usual breakfast rolls, but to Marjorie's eyes a most delightful sight.

" Jim, you're better than a conjurer," she said. " How, oh, *how*—ever——"

" Go and bathe, and I'll tell you when you come back," suggested her companion. " They'll be ready then, I hope. They're a bit uncooked and wet in the middle still. There's fish, too, if there is only water to drink."

In answer to the little girl's excited questions, between mouthfuls, on her return, he volunteered information willingly enough. " It's 'damper'—that's what it is," he remarked. " In the Bush campers eat it, you know. Dad's told me. They make it for themselves out of flour and water."

" But we've no flour," objected Marjorie, nibbling away, and not minding a bit that the little rolls were nearly as heavy as lead.

" No," Jim spoke proudly, " and I'll tell you what I did. I put on some more potatoes to roast slowly in the embers all night ; and then, when I woke this morning——"

" You mixed water with their insides instead of using flour," cried Marjorie. " They're potato cakes. Jim, they're lovely. We'll have them every single day. And——" She stopped, gulped a little, and went on again. " I wanted to say something. I'm not going to say a *word* against your going to explore to-day, if you really want to."

" Right you are, mate," replied Jim, feeling tremendously relieved. He had very much dreaded putting forward the suggestion again. Marjorie's fright of the night before had made him " feel a beast," as he expressed it to himself, and yet he was sure that he ought to explore the whole island and the cave. It was not only because of the experience of the first night and the rumours that he had heard at Crioch. Something else had happened since then ; it had happened while they slept, although Jim wouldn't have told Marjorie for worlds.

For the little old chest that they had discovered—the heavy little chest—had disappeared. Jim, during his morning dip, had swum round that way, and avoiding the current, had run up the beach to make sure ; and there was no doubt about it—the chest was gone !

" And whatever can have happened to it ? " the boy had said to himself, as he mixed the " damper " cakes and cooked them over the fire. " The

tide's hardly in again yet, and it was going out when we found the chest. No, the sea's not taken it—that's certain. And the question to be answered is, Who on earth's had a hand in the job? *That* I'd jolly well like to find out!"

He whistled over his after-breakfast work cheerfully enough, for the prospect of the adventure just ahead was very thrilling, and, besides, Marjorie's spirits must be kept up. Fortunately, she did not speak about last night's finds at all; that remembrance occupied a much smaller place in her thoughts than did the dreadful prospect of what the day might hold for them.

"I thought I'd start about eleven," said Jim, when they were heaping up fuel on to the beacon that they were building gradually up on the hill. "Now, Marjorie, you'd better stay up here. I'll leave my watch. I can tell the time pretty well by the sun. I'll be back at one o'clock, and I'll catch a fish or two then for dinner. If you'd just see to it that the potatoes are roasting, then——"

"All right," said Marjorie. She was going to appear brave, she said to herself, although she didn't feel it; but she found it easier to speak very little.

"So long, then," said Jim. "You can watch me most of the way, you know, mate, from this hill." The sound of his cheery whistle grew fainter and fainter, and his sturdy figure grew less and less as he slowly disappeared from view. Soon there was no sound but those of the sea-waves, and the

sea-gulls that wheeled round and round overhead. Marjorie felt lonelier and lonelier; and when at last Jim, now a far-off figure, turned to wave his hand to her for the last time, before disappearing altogether, she felt more frightened than she had ever felt in her life before.

"But I'm going to pretend that I don't mind," said Marjorie; "and I've got lots of things to do."

She stared over the stretch of island, and at the high ridge that had hidden Jim's sturdy figure from her, and a big tear forced itself into her eyes. She gave herself a little jerk, and wished she had been brave enough to go too. "I'll—I'll make him a clay dish for that crab he wants so much," she said, and jumped up to her feet.

And after that the morning somehow flew. First of all there was the pot to make; Jim had said that it wouldn't do to use the silver one, which was still tucked away under the sand.

The morning was passing very quickly indeed. Every now and then, of course, Marjorie had time to remember her loneliness, and then she missed Jim very badly indeed, but for the most part of the time she was gay enough; and when at last she gave an inquiring peep at the watch that Jim had left behind him, she could not help quite a start of surprise. "One o'clock!" she said; "ONE! Why, Jim ought to be back now; and the potatoes! I'd forgotten all about them!"

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 140. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than **July 15.**

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for July.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose stamps for replies*, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write a paper on an imaginary foreign trip you have made. (The paper must not exceed 300 words.)

JUMBLED ANIMALS.

How many names of animals can you find in this letter block? Read downwards, or from left to right.

A B C D B A C E B A C G
H A N T E L O P E R H O
O D O X A P Y F A M A A
G G N U R A O O V A M T
D E E R F C T X E D O G
E R P I G A E G R I I E
R C H I P M U N K L S L
M F E R R E T H I L O A
I L Y N X L B I S O N N
N L I O N K H O R S E D
E J U I L L G O R L K A

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

(Both Questions must be answered.)

1. Describe in your own words how the Philistines captured the ark of the covenant, and give their reasons for returning it to the children of Israel.

2. What do you know of the following places: Damascus, Samaria, Nazareth, Bethany, Cana of Galilee? (Make your answers short and concise.)

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write a short account, in your own words, of your favourite story.

JUMBLED PROVERB.

"Wweeeeerrriiiiignnoocbbssssllly'thf.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a motor car, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write in your own words the story of the marriage at Cana in Galilee.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about how you spend your Saturdays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a ladder, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for May.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Freda Combe, Hollist, Midhurst, Sussex.
2. Evelyn Graham, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake, near Leicester.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Thompson, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts; Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen; Donald Gould, Gartscherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Mary Carson, Woodbine Cottage,

Bread Street East, Connswater, Belfast; Edwin Hammond and John Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. James Fisher, 27 Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh. 2. Beryl Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Arthur Drury, The Cottage, Star Stile, Halstead; Nellie Gregory, Minshall Vernon C. of E. School, Crewe; Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa; Gwen Highley, Ratho, Conegra Road, High Wycombe; Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

FIGURE PUZZLE.

1. Catherine Scrymgeour, 5 Armour Street, Johnstone. 2. James Gillespie, Windsor Hill, Knockdene Park, Knock, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Veitch, Cumberland Street, Birr, Ireland; Wilfrid Fenton, 37 Merchiston Crescent, Edinburgh; George Reid, 103 Roslea Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow; Mary Macbeth, 24 Village Place, Burley, Leeds; Jean Jackson and George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Agnes Wright, 100 Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Hilda Woor, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts. 2. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchenairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Florinda Fowler, Laleham, Selwyn Road, Eastbourne; Ruth Nicholls and Marjorie Butler, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Ethel Pope and Leslie Jarvis, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Dorothy Atlay, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden, Herts.

LETTER COMPETITION (A).

1. Charles Richardson, 5 Robertson Avenue, Gorgie Road, Edinburgh. 2. Fred Driver, 134 Cock Hill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Constance Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Winifred Crossland and Nora Gardie, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Percy Shuker and William Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

JUMBLED PROVERB.

1. Nancy Scott, 23 Saltmarket, Glasgow. 2.

Grace Haines, 4^o Charles Street, Iffley Road, Oxford.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; David Webster, 7 Elder Street, Edinburgh; Margaret Cardno, 12 Urquhart Road, Aberdeen; Nan Morrison, 251 Rosslyn Street, Gallatown, Kirkcaldy; Hilda Bandy, 202 Belsize Road, Hampstead, N.W.6; Walter Gowan, 227 Onslow Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 2. Olive Gray, 146 Donegal Pass, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Marie Whelan, Notre Dame Higher Grade School, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds; Edna Allen, Ashley, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham; Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Olive Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford. 2. Theresa Bower, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Gwendolyn Gottis, Welcome Bakery, Laindon, Essex; Lucy Bennett, Tillington, Petworth, Sussex; Ella Shields, 2 Swilly Terrace, Buncrana, Co. Donegal; Elsie Ross and Elsie Crossland, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Decima Rawlinson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Samuel Muirhead, 25 Well Green, Stirling.

LETTER COMPETITION (B).

1. John Bicket, Craigbank, Clarkston, Glasgow. 2. Harry Abbott, The Laurels, Rednal, near Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Edith Johnson and Mary Rawson, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden; Nita Brayne and Harriet Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Reggie Beach, Blanchville, Rubery, Birmingham; Marion Brown, Turnland Farm, Cambuslang; Patsy Hornbrook and Olga Billington, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Zoe Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey. 2. Jean Johnston, Auchingramont Road, Hamilton.

Honourable Mention.—Vere Bernstein, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Annie Clay and Marie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; John Jarvis, The Manse, Caledon, Ireland; Nancy Allen, Ashley, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham.

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July.

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Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

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 Little Miss Wardlaw (G).
 Fairy Tales that Mother
 Told (C).
 At the Point of the
 Sword (B).
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 Etc., etc.

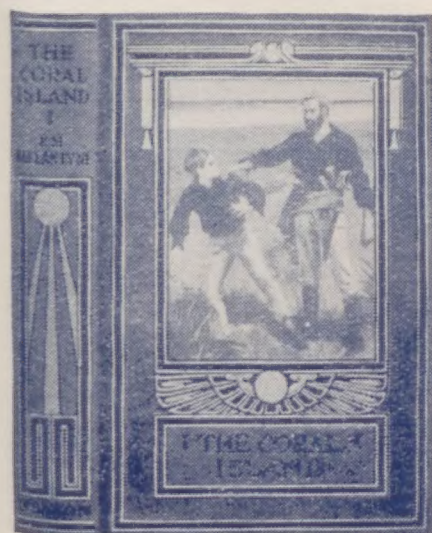
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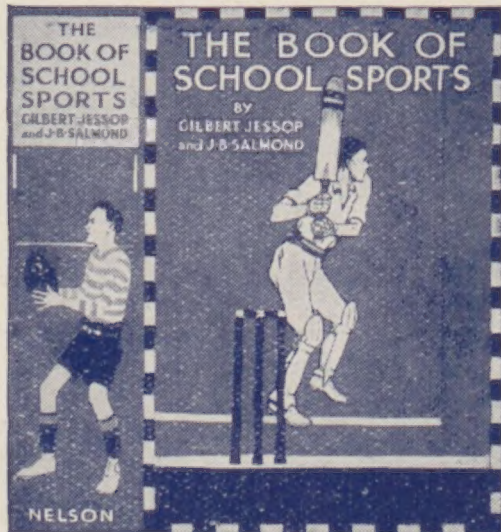
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(B)—Boys; (G)—Girls; (C)—Children.

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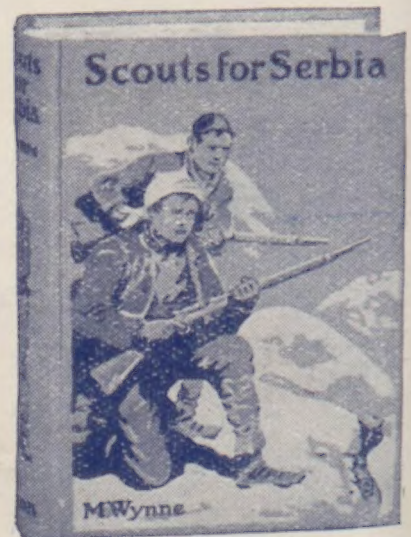


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